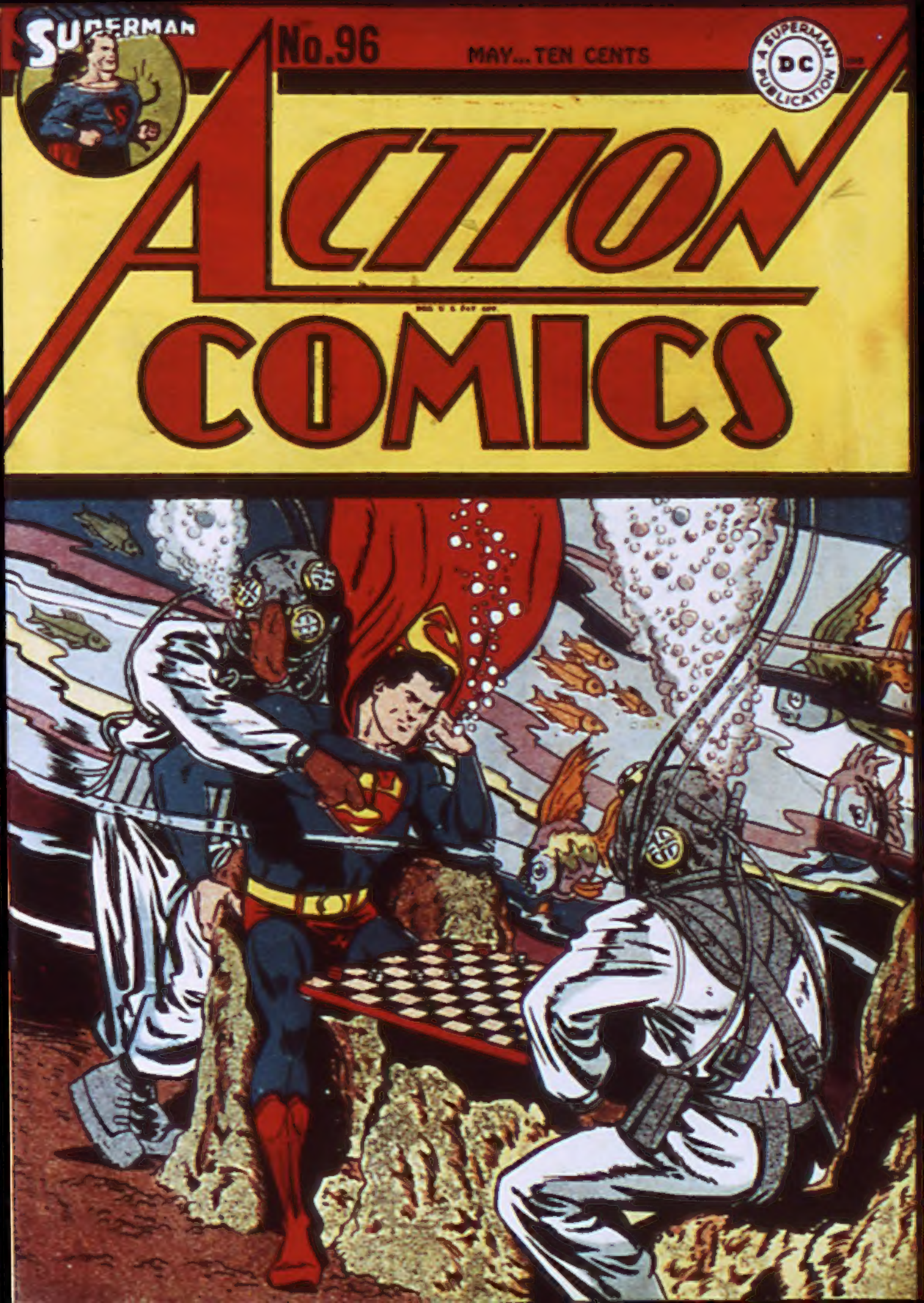
SUPERMAN
No. 96
MAY... TEN CENTS
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DC
ACTION COMICS

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

They lie in hospitals, thousands of our finest--sick, cruelly maimed. Who is to write their letters, hear their troubles, answer when they call for "Mom"? Mom can't be there. But your Red Cross can, and must be there. Many thousands more Americans, still overseas, must count on the Red Cross for comfort and cheer. So won't you give to the Red Cross? This is your chance to say, "Thanks, Soldier, for all you've done!"

WAR IS NEVER OVER FOR THE RED CROSS!

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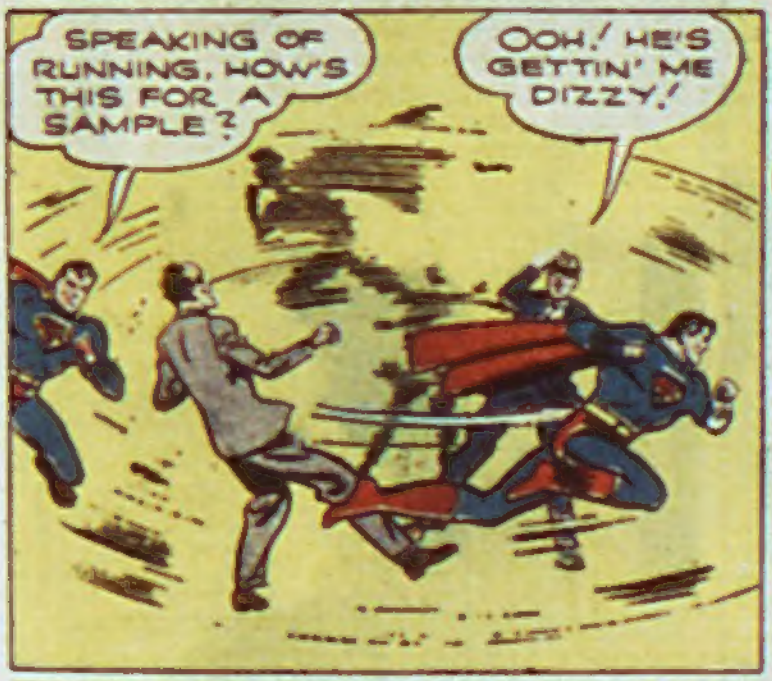
SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
EVERY BARBER HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING A GREAT TALKER. WHILE HIS SCISSORS CUT, HIS TONGUE WAGS. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY! BUT THIS STORY IS DIFFERENT. IT HAS A TWIST! THE BARBER LISTENS. WHILE HIS CUSTOMER TELLS THE STORY, TELLS OF A CLOSE SHAVE WITH DEATH, AND OF HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THAT MAN OF STEEL - SUPERMAN! ACCORDINGLY, WHAT TITLE COULD BE MORE FITTING THAN...
"HAIRCUT and a close shave!"

ALL RIGHT, BARBER! YOU MAY CUT MY HAIR NOW!
YOU'RE DAN JUDD, THE WRITER, AREN'T YOU? I'VE READ ALL YOUR BOOKS! YOU CERTAINLY MAKE YOUR STORIES SOUND REAL!
THEY ARE REAL! I GO DIRECTLY TO THE SOURCE TO GET MY FACTS! REMEMBER THE STORY, "SANDHOG ADVENTURES"? I ACTUALLY BECAME A SANDHOG TO GET MATERIAL FOR MY STORY!
THAT TOOK NERVE!
NOT NERVE! IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T WRITE UNLESS I ACTUALLY LIVE MY STORIES! THEY AREN'T REALLY NOVELS, BUT AUTO-BIOGRAPHIES!
CAN'T YOU SPEED UP THAT HAIRCUT? I'M IN A HURRY!
SURE, SURE! HOW ABOUT YOUR LATEST ADVENTURE? GOING TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THAT TOO?
OF COURSE! I'VE GOT ALL THE NOTES I NEED FOR IT!
NOW THERE'S A BOOK I WANT TO READ! WHEN WILL IT BE PUBLISHED?
SOON, BUT SINCE YOU'RE ONE OF MY LOYAL FANS I'LL GIVE YOU A PREVIEW SYNOPSIS OF IT WHILE YOU'RE CUTTING MY HAIR! LET ME SEE... IT BEGAN WHILE I WAS FINISHING MY LAST BOOK. I WAS LOOKING FOR A TWIST...
A TWIST IS A WRITER'S TERM FOR A SITUATION INJECTED IN A STORY THAT COMES AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE READER. USUALLY IT IS THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT HE EXPECTS WILL HAPPEN. WELL, I WAS RACKING MY BRAIN FOR A TWIST IDEA... WHEN SUDDENLY..
WHAT AN IDEA FOR A NEW STORY! A CROOK, THAT'S IT... HE TWISTS CRIME TO DO THE UNEXPECTED AND COMPLETELY FOOLS THE AUTHORITIES! I'LL BEGIN IT IMMEDIATELY!
2

EVERY MASTER CRIMINAL HAS A GANG! BUT WHERE AM I TO GET ONE?

"THEN FROM MY BALCONY, I LOOKED BELOW AND SAW THREE MEN BEING CHASED BY SUPERMAN!"
RUN, YOU LUGS, RUN!
WHERE TO, CHUMS, WHERE TO?


SPEAKING OF RUNNING, HOW'S THIS FOR A SAMPLE?
OOH! HE'S GETTIN' ME DIZZY!

"I REALIZED THIS WAS MY CHANCE! I YELLED—AND JUMPED OFF THE BALCONY INTO SPACE!"
HE-ELP!

LET'S SCRAM WHILE HE PLAYS HERO! C'MON!
WHY DO THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAPPEN JUST WHEN I'M ROUNDING UP SOME CROOKS?
TAVERN
3

"FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT HE WOULDN'T MAKE IT, BUT HE DID... MUCH TO MY RELIEF! I HAD COUNTED ON HIS LEAVING THOSE THUGS TO RESCUE ME!"
HELLO!

WHEW! THAT TOOK COURAGE!
ONLY THE COURAGE OF MY CONVICTIONS! THAT LEAP WAS NECESSARY TO MY PLANS, AS YOU WILL SOON SEE!
"BY THE TIME SUPERMAN HAD ME HOME, THE GANG HAD VANISHED..."
THANKS! I... GOT A LITTLE DIZZY AND FELL OVER THE BALCONY LEDGE! I'M DAN JUDD!
OH, YES! THE WRITER! I'M GLAD I SAVED YOU, THOUGH I WISH YOU HAD CHOSEN SOME OTHER TIME TO FALL! THOSE RATS CERTAINLY SCAMPERED INTO THEIR HOLES FAST ENOUGH!
AH... DID YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE?
YES, ROUGH-HOUSE HALEY, SPATS NEESON, AND BLINKY BOGGS, BUT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT PHONEY ALIBIS ALL TO BE VOUCHED FOR BY THEIR CRONIES!
"THAT NIGHT I LOCATED MY MEN IN A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL HANGOUT..."
HELLO! I'M THE MAN WHO LEAPED OFF MY BALCONY SO SUPERMAN WOULD HAVE TO RESCUE ME AND ALLOW YOU THREE TO ESCAPE!
HUH?!?
"I NEVER TOLD THEM MY REAL NAME OR MY PROFESSION NOR THE REAL MOTIVES FOR MY CRIMES..."
SO YOU WANT US TO BE YOUR MOB! WELL, YOU DID US A GOOD TURN TODAY AND YOU SHOW YOU GOT NERVE! I'M IN!
ME TOO!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MISTER?
YOU MAY CALL ME- MISTER TWISTER!
"THE NEXT DAY I BEGAN MY PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN! A LITTLE PUBLICITY CAN CREATE QUITE AN IMPRESSION IN THE PUBLIC'S MIND!"
MISTER TWISTER IS COMING!
4

"PRETTY SOON THE WHOLE TOWN WAS WONDERING WHO MISTER TWISTER MIGHT BE!"

MUST BE MOVIE PUBLICITY!

SURE! WELL, MISTER TWISTER IS HERE, IT SAYS, SO WE'LL KNOW NOW!

MISTER TWISTER IS HERE

"AND IN MY HOME WHOSE WHEREABOUTS I HID FROM THE GANG, I BEGAN MY NEW BOOK..."

"AND THE NAME, MISTER TWISTER, WAS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS. THE PEOPLE WONDERED, FORMED OPINIONS, AND WAITED."

"THAT WAS THE FIRST CHAPTER, BUT I WAS ANXIOUS TO START MY SECOND CHAPTER, SO MISTER TWISTER AT LAST MADE HIS PUBLIC APPEARANCE!"

BUY A RING ON 10 EASY PAYMENTS

I AM MISTER TWISTER!

I WANT YOU TO BUY THIS RING FROM ME IN TEN EASY PAYMENTS!

BUT... BUT THE STONE IN THAT RING IS GLASS! BESIDES, I DON'T BUY RINGS THAT WAY! I SELL THEM ON THOSE TERMS!

AH - BUT THIS TIME YOU WILL BUY FROM ME! I WILL TAKE WHATEVER MONEY YOU POSSESS NOW... AS THE FIRST PAYMENT! I WILL CALL FROM TIME TO TIME FOR THE OTHER NINE PAYMENTS!

ARE YOU GONNA BUY THAT RING, OR AIN'T YA?

(GULP) I'LL BUY!

"YOU SEE HOW IT WORKED? NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN THE PUBLIC LEARNED MISTER TWISTER WAS A THIEF AND NOT A MOVIE AS SUPPOSED, THERE WAS QUITE A STIR!"

HE TOOK FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ME!

WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HOW MANY WERE IN THE GANG?

LOOK, YOU NEWSHOUNDS. NOT ANOTHER WORD TILL I GET THE INFORMATION! I'M THE POLICE CHIEF, NOT YOU REPORTERS!

THOSE TWO NOSEY REPORTERS WERE CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE! KENT WAS TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN MY STORY..."
SO MISTER TWISTER TURNS OUT TO BE A CROOK WHO PULLS CRIMES IN REVERSE!
WELL, IT'S A NEW ANGLE, ANYWAY! MIGHT AS WELL WAIT FOR DEVELOPMENTS NOW!
"AS FOR MYSELF, I WAS QUITE BUSY WITH MY NOVEL'S SECOND CHAPTER..."
"MISTER TWISTER'S FIRST CRIME COUP HAD COMPLETELY BAFFLED THE POLICE. IMPATIENTLY THEY WAITED FOR HIS NEXT MOVE."
"AND HIS NEXT MOVE WAS A PAWN SHOP..."
B..BUT I DON'T WANT TO PAWN THE JEWELRY FROM MY SHOP!
SURE YA DO, PAL, SURE YA DO!
OF COURSE! AND BECAUSE YOU NEED MONEY SO BADLY, I WILL GLADLY LEND YOU MONEY ON YOUR JEWELRY! HERE! I WILL CHEERFULLY LEND YOU THIS ONE-DOLLAR BILL!
HOW ABOUT SUPERMAN? DIDN'T HE COME IN ABOUT THAT TIME?
YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE DID! MY NEXT MOVE WAS TO VISIT A FORTUNE TELLER WHO HAD GROWN WEALTHY BY PREDICTING PLEASANT FUTURES FOR HIS SOCIETY PATRONS...
GOOD EVENING, FRIEND! I AM MISTER TWISTER! I AM HERE TO TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE!
BUT...!
YOU WILL MEET A TALL, DARK MAN WHO WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY THREE FRIENDS! I SEE DEATH FOR YOU UNLESS YOU GIVE THESE MEN ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE IN YOUR WALL SAFE! I SEE...
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!
"AND THEN SUPERMAN BOLTED INTO OUR MIDST!"
MISTER TWISTER, I BELIEVE!

BULLETS BOUNCE OFFA HIM! HE'S WEARIN' A BULLET-PROOF SUIT!
WELL, HE AIN'T GOT A BULLET-PROOF HEAD!
ARE YOU BOTH KIDDING?

NOTICE I DO THIS WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST, MISTER TWISTER!
UH!
OOF!

"THAT HUMAN TYPHOON RACED TOWARD ME! HOW I EVER KEPT MY WITS ABOUT ME I STILL DON'T KNOW!"
NOW, MISTER TWISTER, I'M GOING TO TWIST YOU INTO A PRETZEL!

ANOTHER TWIST, SUPERMAN! THAT CRYSTAL BALL HAD A DEADLY, FAST-WORKING GAS INSIDE IT!
THAT SO? ISN'T IT TOO BAD I'M INVULNERABLE TO GAS!
POOF!

YES, BUT THE FORTUNE TELLER ISN'T! YOU CAN SEE THAT HE'S ALREADY DYING.
EH?
7

"INSTANTLY, SUPERMAN WHISKED UP THE GASPING MAN AND CARRIED HIM OUT INTO FRESH AIR!"
BREATHE... BREATHE DEEP... IT WILL COUNTERACT THE POISON GAS... BREATHE...

"OF COURSE, WE HAD FILTER PLUGS IN OUR NOSTRILS AND THE GAS HAD NO EFFECT ON US! AND IT WASN'T POISON GAS BUT JUST **SLEEPING GAS**! ANOTHER TWIST, YOU SEE!"

GONE! I EXPECTED IT, OF COURSE! WELL, MISTER TWISTER, WE'LL BE MEETING AGAIN— SOON!

"THAT NIGHT, AS I WROTE MY NEXT CHAPTER, ONE THOUGHT KEPT RUNNING THROUGH MY BRAIN..."

"SUPERMAN HAS BEEN DEFEATED BY MISTER TWISTER, BUT FOR HOW LONG! HE WAS CLEVER. HOW HAD HE KNOWN MISTER TWISTER HAD PICKED THE FORTUNE TELLER AS HIS VICTIM? HOW?"

THE ANSWER:

EDITOR'S ASIDE TO READER:

OF COURSE, MISTER TWISTER COULD NOT KNOW THAT CLARK KENT IS **SUPERMAN** AND THAT CLARK KENT HAD GONE TO THE FORTUNE TELLER FOR A SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT STORY FOR HIS NEWSPAPER!

SUPERMAN CAN HANDLE THIS BETTER THAN CLARK KENT!

FORTUNE

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

FATE ENTERED THE PICTURE! IT WAS ALL DUE TO THAT REPORTER, CLARK KENT, I MENTIONED AWHILE BACK!

"THE *DAILY PLANET* NEWSPAPER HAD A CONTEST. EVERYBODY READ ABOUT IT, INCLUDING MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR."

DAILY PLA

BE A NEWSPAP REPORTER!

THE DAILY PLANET WIL PAY $10 FOR EVERY IM ITEM OF IMPORTANCE SUBMITTED.

"SO THIS NEIGHBOR WENT TO SEE CLARK KENT..."

AND FROM MY WINDOW I SAW MR. JUDD DELIBERATELY JUMP FROM HIS BALCONY. THEN **SUPERMAN** CAUGHT HIM. I THINK HE TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE! UH... DO I GET $10 FOR THE STORY?

YOU CERTAINLY DO, MISTER!

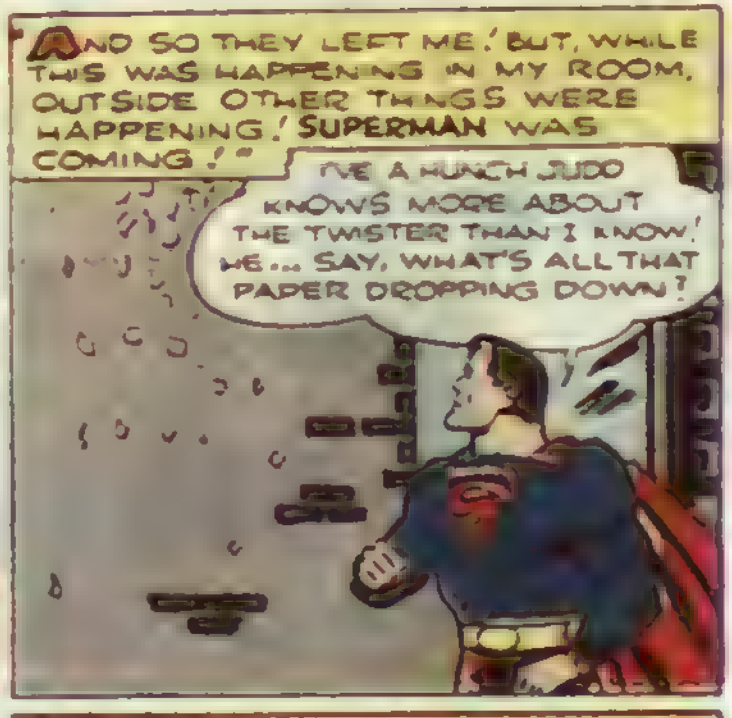
"THE NEXT THING I KNEW, MY PICTURE WAS IN THE MORNING PAPER, AND THEN I HAD VISITORS..."

HELLO, MISTER TWISTER... OR SHOULD I SAY—DAN JUDD!

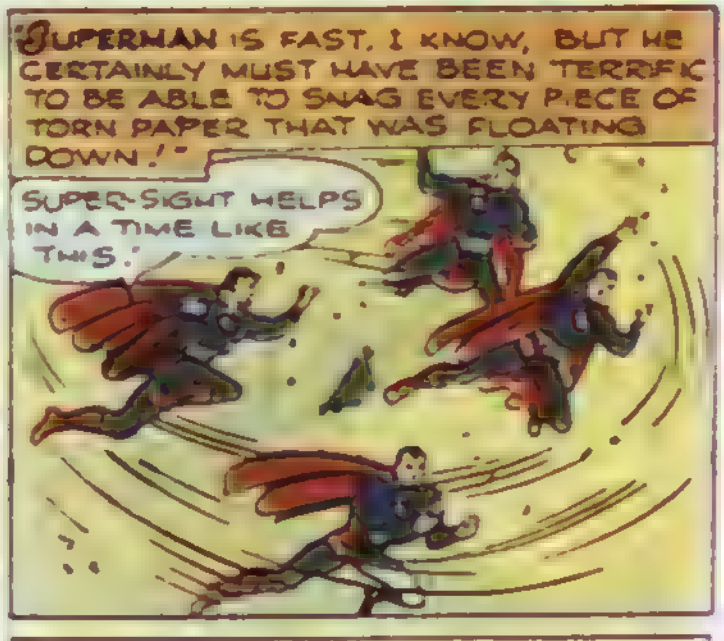
WHY DIDN'T YA TELL US YA'RE A WRITER?

SO YOU'RE USING US AND THE WHOLE SET-UP FOR A NEW STORY?
WELL, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? YOU BOYS ARE MAKING MONEY WITH ME, AREN'T YOU? I DON'T USE YOUR NAMES IN THE STORY, EITHER!
SURE, BUT YOUR DESCRIPTION OF US IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY TO THE COPS! ONCE YOU PRINT THE BOOK WE'RE AS GOOD AS IN JAIL! NO SOAP, JUDD! YOU AIN'T PUBLISHIN' THE BOOK!
I SPENT PLENTY OF TIME ON THAT BOOK! I SAY I'M PUBLISHING IT!
AND I SAY YOU AIN'T! HOLD HIM, BOYS!
YOU'RE TEARING UP MY SCRIPT! I'LL... LET ME GO!
RELAX, PALLY!
SEE! NOW IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT CONFETTI! CONFETTI CAN'T PIN ANY RAP ON US!
YOU FOOL! YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HELD, ANYWAY!
YOU SEE! I INTENDED TO GIVE BACK OUR LOOT AS SOON AS THE BOOK WAS FINISHED! THE MONEY I GAVE YOU AND SAID WAS PROCEEDS FROM THE "FENCE," CAME FROM MY OWN PERSONAL FORTUNE! I'M QUITE RICH, AS YOU CAN SEE!
YEAH! WE SEE THAT!
PUT 'EM UP, JUDD! WE'RE TAKING OVER! WE'RE GONNA SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL TWIST IS!
WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING HEEL!

MMMPH!
WE'RE GONNA TAKE ALL THE LOOT... AND YOUR DOUGH... AND WE'RE GONNA PULL THE NEW JOB YOU PLANNED... AND THEN SCRAM TO PARTS UNKNOWN! QUITE A TWIST, EH, TWISTER? HAW! HAW!


AND SO THEY LEFT ME! BUT, WHILE THIS WAS HAPPENING IN MY ROOM, OUTSIDE OTHER THINGS WERE HAPPENING! SUPERMAN WAS COMING!"
I'VE A HUNCH JUDO KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE TWISTER THAN I KNOW! HE... SAY, WHAT'S ALL THAT PAPER DROPPING DOWN?

"AND THE TWISTER KNEW HE "... SAY, THIS LOOKS LIKE PART OF A SCRIPT! I'LL GATHER ALL THESE PAPERS TOGETHER AND SEE WHAT COOKS!

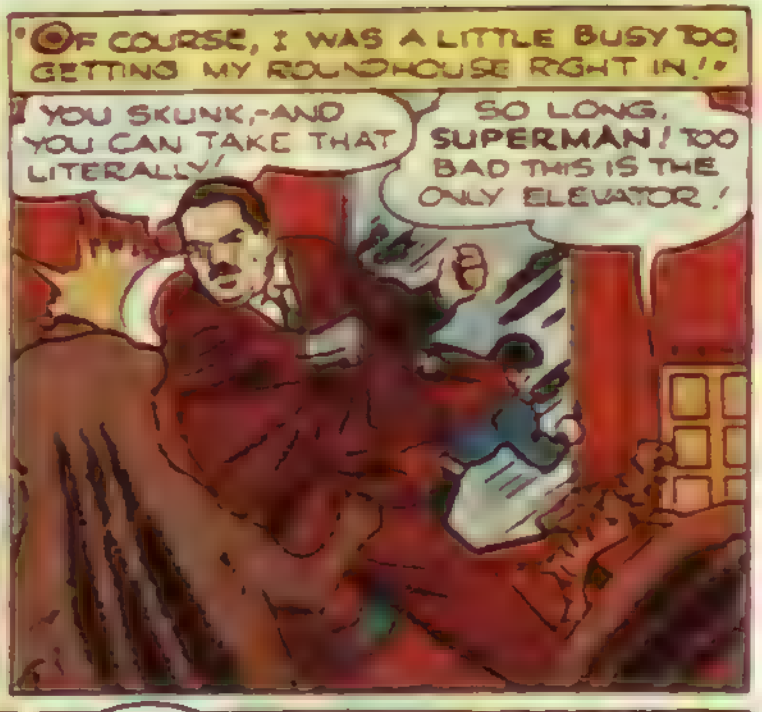

"SUPERMAN IS FAST, I KNOW, BUT HE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIFIC TO BE ABLE TO SNAG EVERY PIECE OF TORN PAPER THAT WAS FLOATING DOWN!"
SUPER-SIGHT HELPS IN A TIME LIKE THIS."

"THEN SUPERMAN WHIZZED TO AN EMPTY APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING AND BEGAN TO PIECE THE BITS OF PAPER TOGETHER!"
THIS PART GOES HERE... AND THIS PART, HERE!

"IT WAS SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN! HIS HANDS MUST HAVE BEEN MERE BLURS AS THEY PIECED TOGETHER IN A FEW MINUTES WHAT WOULD HAVE TAKEN DAYS FOR ANOTHER PERSON!"
THAT DOES IT! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

SO THAT'S IT! DAN JUDD IS MISTER TWISTER! JUDD CERTAINLY GETS HIS STORIES THE HARD WAY!
"AND THAT'S WHEN SUPERMAN FOUND ME TRUSSED UP LIKE A MUMMY!"
MM-MMPH!
WELL THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT!
"AND WHILE SUPERMAN SNAPPED THOSE THICK ROPES WITH HIS BARE HANDS, I TALKED FAST AND FURIOUSLY!"
AND THEY WENT TO THE CITYWIDE FUR SHOW! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
I THINK THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!
SNAP!
SNAP!
AT THE FUR SHOW...
AND NOW LADIES, A PREVIEW OF FURS TO BE SHOWN THIS FALL!
THERE THEY ARE! AND ALL OF THEM CAN BELONG TO YOU!
NO, YA DON'T! ME N' ME FRIENDS WANT OUR FURS BACK! WE GET COLD WITHOUT 'EM!
GET 'EM UP, EVERYBODY, OR THESE POP-GUNS WILL START POPPIN'!
THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! MISTER TWISTER'S MOB- IN PERSON! NICE TWIST, AIN'T IT? IT AIN'T EVERY DAY THAT ANIMALS HIJACK THEIR OWN FURS! HAW! HAW!
BANDITS!
THAT LAUGH OF YOURS IS STRANGELY REMINISCENT OF ANOTHER ANIMAL— THE DONKEY!
YIPE! SUPERMAN!
11

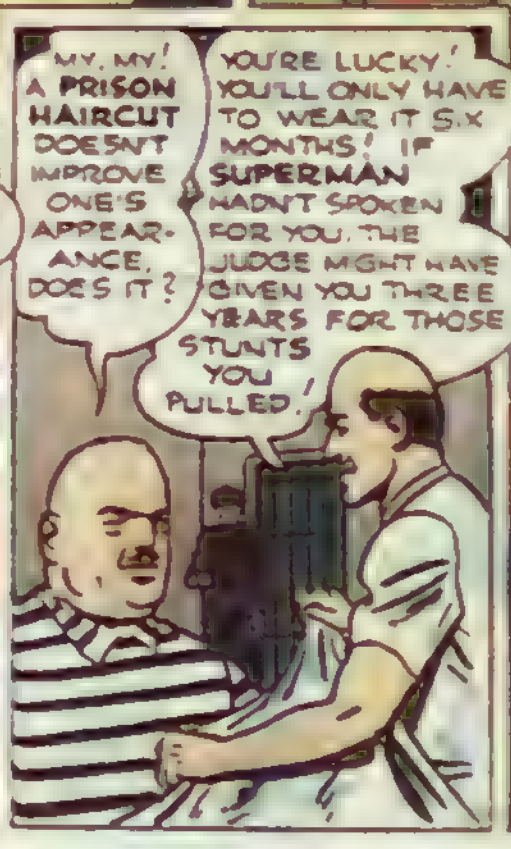
"THEN SUPERMAN HIT BLINKY SO HARD HE LIFTED HIM CLEAR OUT OF HIS FUR!"
BEEN BUSY AS A BEAVER LATELY, HAVEN'T YOU, BLINKY?

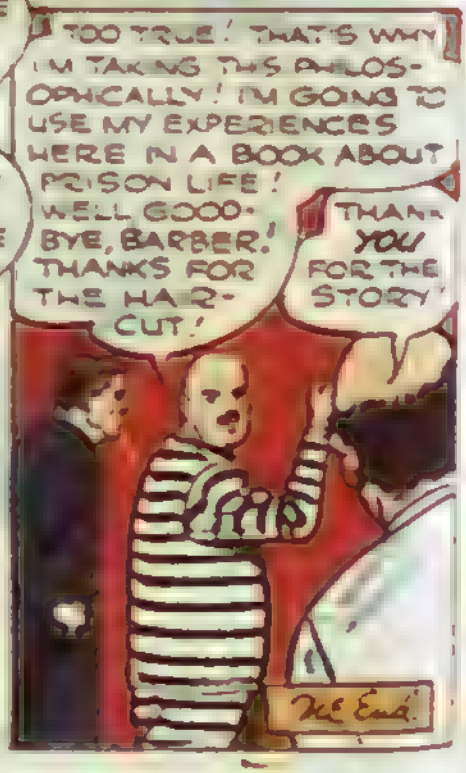

"OF COURSE, I WAS A LITTLE BUSY TOO, GETTING MY ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT IN!"
YOU SKUNK,-AND YOU CAN TAKE THAT LITERALLY!
SO LONG, SUPERMAN! TOO BAD THIS IS THE ONLY ELEVATOR!

"POOR SPATS! SO FORGETFUL! HE COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SPEED!"

YOU!
WHAT DETAINED YOU?

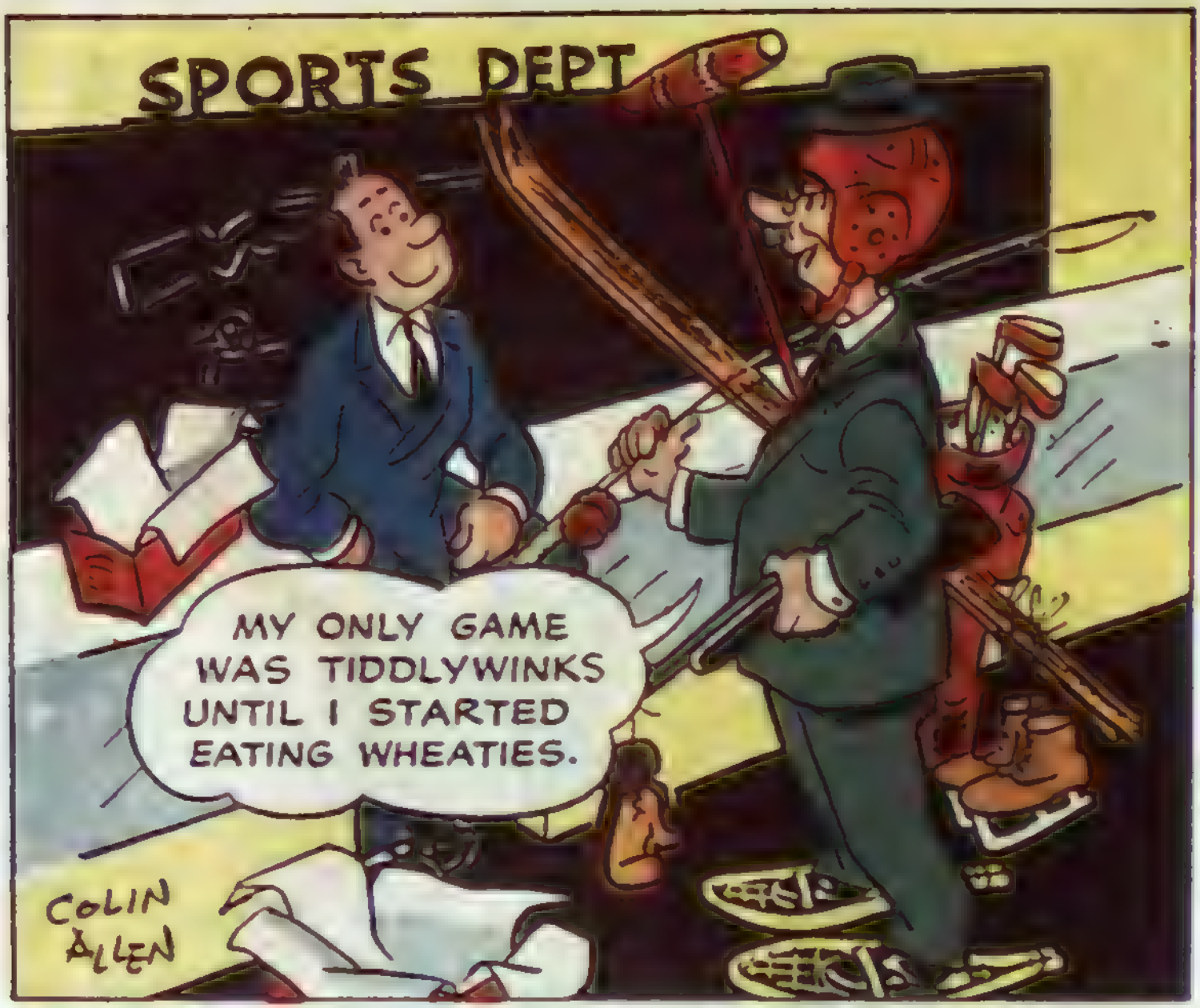
AND THAT SOCK WAS THE END OF MISTER TWISTER AND HIS MOB! ALL FNISHED!
ME, TOO! HAIRCUT ALL DONE!


MY, MY! A PRISON HAIRCUT DOESN'T IMPROVE ONE'S APPEARANCE, DOES IT?
YOU'RE LUCKY! YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO WEAR IT SIX MONTHS! IF SUPERMAN HADN'T SPOKEN FOR YOU, THE JUDGE MIGHT HAVE GIVEN YOU THREE YEARS FOR THOSE STUNTS YOU PULLED!


TOO TRUE! THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING THIS PHILOSOPHICALLY! I'M GOING TO USE MY EXPERIENCES HERE IN A BOOK ABOUT PRISON LIFE! WELL, GOOD-BYE, BARBER! THANKS FOR THE HAIR-CUT!
THANK YOU FOR THE STORY!
The End

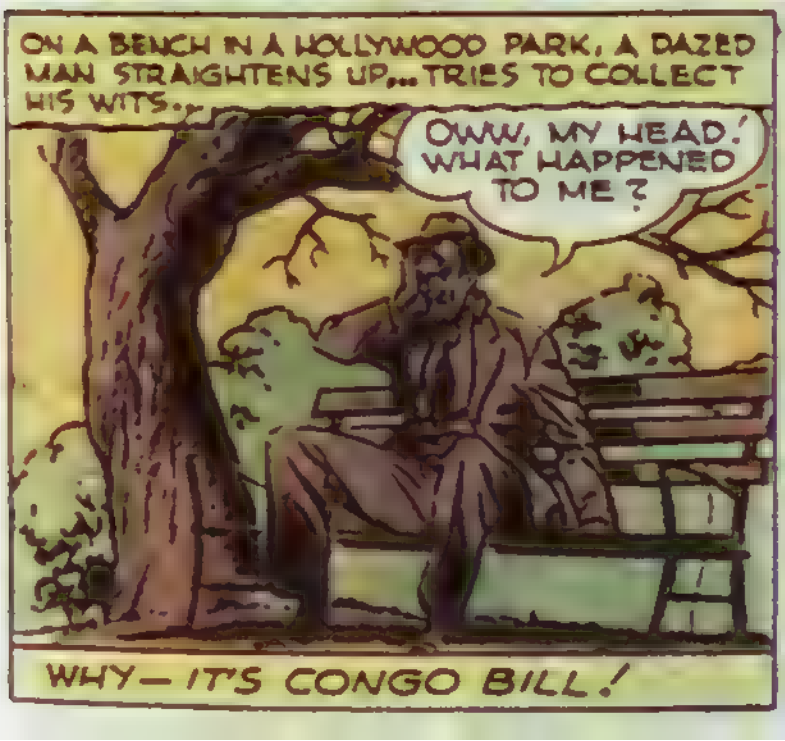
PEPSI
THE PEPSI-COLA COP
WISH I HAD A GUN, PEPSI— GOSH'N A BEAR CAME AFTER ME!
A BEAR WOULDN'T TOUCH YA, PETE. ACT NATURAL AN' HE'LL THINK YOU'RE DEAD!
RUN, PETE! IT'S A CINNAMON BEAR!
GOLLY, AN' ME WITHOUT ANY CINNAMON!
GOSH, I'M STUCK!
OW!
DON'T BOX HIM, PETE — WRESTLE HIM!
I'LL SHOW PETE A LITTLE SERVICE!
NOTHIN' LIKE A SNOW-BALL TO KNOCK 'EM COLD!
HELP, PEPSI, I CAN'T BEAR IT!
BETCHA A BG PEPSI-COLA WOULD SIT RIGHT NOW EH, PETE?
YEAH, AN YA BETTER GET A NICE SOFT CUSHION T'GO WITH IT!
PEPSI SEZ:
"TRY PEPSI-COLA IT'S A BEAR FOR FLAVOR!"

Copyright 1944 Pepsi-Cola Company


SPORTS DEPT
MY ONLY GAME WAS TIDDLYWINKS UNTIL I STARTED EATING WHEATIES.
COLIN ALLEN

WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
START EATING WHEATIES TOMORROW MORNING.
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
EVEN A TIDDLY WINKER STARTS GETTING CHAMPION IDEAS--WHEN HE STARTS EATING WHEATIES.
THOSE CRISP-TOASTED, SWELL-TASTING FLAKES ARE LOADED WITH ALL THE ZIPPY NOURISHMENT, ZESTY FLAVOR THAT MAKES WHEATIES THE TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE OF SO MANY CHAMPION ATHLETES. AND THAT'S FOR YOU!
GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK AT BREAKFAST. GIVE YOURSELF LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--EVERY DAY.

CONGO BILL
AMNESIA—THE SUBTLE TORTURER THAT SOMETIMES CAN RENDER A MAN MORE HELPLESS THAN THE STRONGEST BONDS—FURTHER STACKS THE CARDS AGAINST CONGO BILL WHEN DANGER STALKS HIM THROUGH SWIFT DEVILTRY IN ...
"Adventure in Hollywood!"
WHO AM I?
WHO AM I?
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER!


ON A BENCH IN A HOLLYWOOD PARK, A DAZED MAN STRAIGHTENS UP... TRIES TO COLLECT HIS WITS...
OWW, MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
WHY—IT'S CONGO BILL!

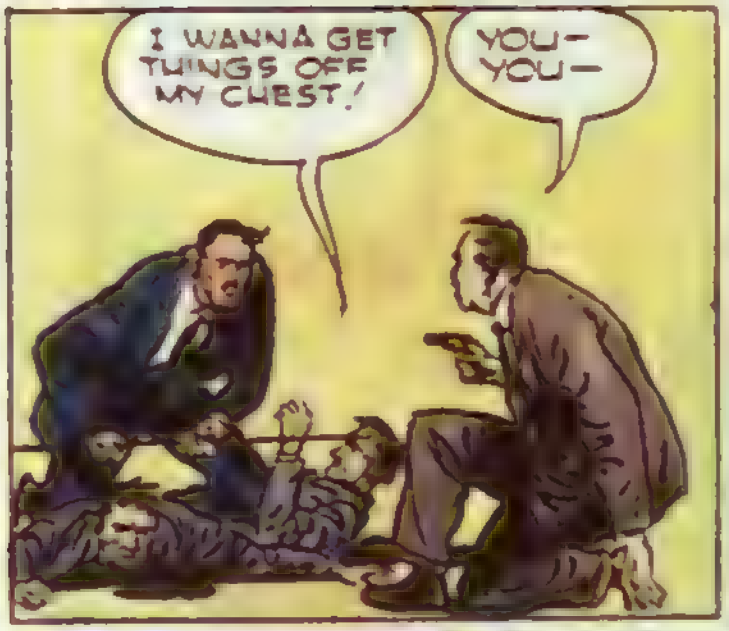
NOTHING IN MY POCKETS... I MUST HAVE BEEN SLUGGED AND ROBBED... I CAN'T—REMEMBER—ANYTHING!

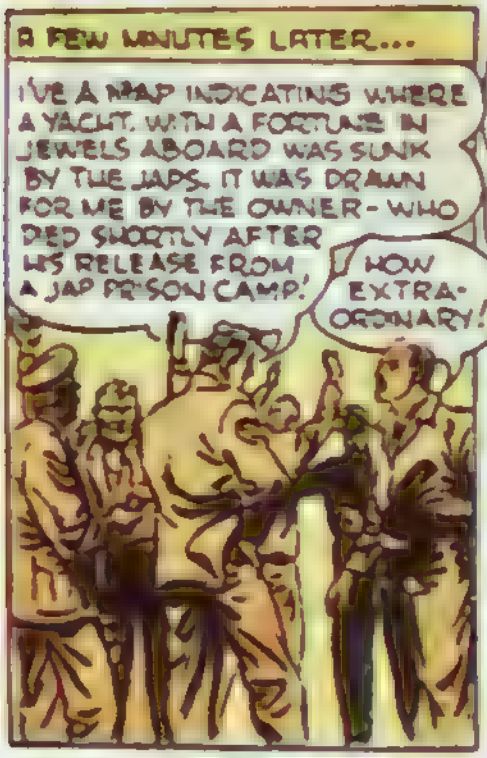
CONCENTRATION MEETS A BLANK WALL
WHO AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
NEARBY, TWO HUMAN JACKALS COME TO AN ABRUPT HALT...
THERE HE IS, FRENCHY! CONGO BILL!
THIS TIME WHEN I CONK HIM, HE'LL STAY PUT.' COME ON!
MUST-TRY TO-REMEMBER! MUST-TRY-
LOOK, OUT! BEHIND YOU!
AUTOMATICALLY RESPONDING TO THE TERSE SHOUT OF WARNING ...
HAPPY DREAMS, PAL!
WHAT-!
A LIGHTNING-LIKE SHIFT TO ESCAPE THE VICIOUS BLOW, THEN—
SO WE'LL ALL PLAY ROUGH!
BLAST HIM, SLIM!
ANOTHER CAT-LIKE MOVE...
FEET, DO YOUR DUTY!
WHAT MARVELOUS CO-ORDINATION! WHAT SPLIT-INSTANT TIMING! I CAN USE THAT CHAP!
OOF!
2

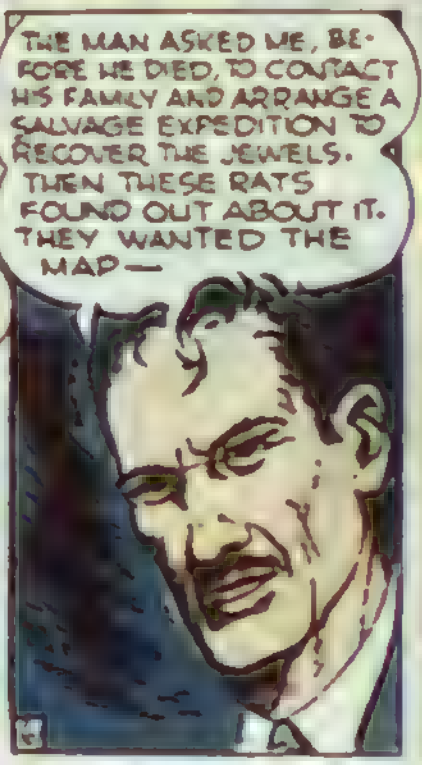
COWED, THE JACKALS SKULK AWAY...
THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF. ONLY THOSE RATS CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE GOT MUCH FROM ME!
IF THAT MEANS YOU'RE BROKE, I CAN OFFER YOU A JOB. I'M JEFFERY KENDALL, AND I CAN USE YOU IN MY LATEST PICTURE...
HERE'S MY CARD. LOOK ME UP AT THE MAMMOTH STUDIOS.
HECK, WHOEVER I AM, I'M BROKE AND I'VE GOT TO EAT.
THANKS, I THINK I'LL DO THAT.
AN HOUR LATER, THE BITTER IRONY OF IT STILL PREVAILS. CONGO BILL, FAMED EXPLORER, FAMILIAR WITH THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH — IS STILL UNABLE TO CHART HIS WAY PAST THE BLINDSPOT IN HIS MEMORY!
IT'S NO USE. I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING. MAY AS WELL GIVE IT UP.
MAMMOTH
THE DIRECTOR'S CARD IS "OPEN SESAME" INTO THE GREAT STUDIO...
YOU'LL FIND MR. KENDALL ON SET 4, SIR.
NOW THAT WE TRAILED HIM THIS FAR, BARON, WHAT NEXT?
WE'LL HIJACK THIS STUDIO TRUCK. IT'LL GET US IN AND OUT WITHOUT QUESTION. AND THERE'LL BE NO BUNGLING THIS TIME, YOU CLUMSY OAFS!

SET 4 - A BAMBOO STOCKADE, MOVELAND'S FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF A JUNGLE COMPOUND...
A JUNGLE SET. IT'S FAMILIAR SOMEHOW. I - GREAT SCOTT!
SET 4
A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM SHREDS THE STILLNESS, AND WILD PANDEMONIUM FOLLOWS.
GREAT CAESAR, IT'S LOOSE!
LOOK, OUT!
HELP!
THE WIZARDRY OF HOLLYWOOD. WHAT EXTRAORDINARY REALISM!
BUT REAL DEATH IS ON THE RAMPAGE HERE! A SAVAGE KILLER HAS BROKEN LOOSE...
HELP!
SHOOT IT, SOMEONE!
WE CAN'T! OUR GUNS HOLD BLANKS!
BUT SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORIES DIRECT THE AMNESIA-STRICKEN CONGO BILL, PROMPT HIM TO SNATCH A SPEAR FROM A PALSIED HAND..
AND AS THE GREAT BEAST LEAPS...
BUT THE GRIM DRAMA HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR ONE OF THE ACTORS ON THE LOT...
BUMP!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

DAZED SECONDS LATER—A MIRACLE! MEMORY RETURNS!
OUCH, MY HEAD! BUT WHAT AM I DOING HERE? LAST THING I REMEMBER IS FIGHTING THE BARON AND HIS RATS!
AND THEN A FERRET-LIKE FACE PEERS INTO THE COMPOUND...
FRENCHY!
HI, PAL! WANNA PLAY TAG?
A NOVEL PUBLICITY STUNT! INGENIOUS, THESE PRESS AGENTS!
MINE WANTS ME TO SIT A WEEK ON A CAKE OF ICE.
THAT RAT IS TOO COCKY! SOMETHING TRICKY'S GOING ON!
WE'LL LET HIM HAVE IT WHEN FRENCHY LURES HIM AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK HERE!
YOU SAID IT, BOSS!
SUSPECTING TREACHERY WHEN FRENCHY DARTS BEHIND THE TRUCK...
IF I'M RIGHT, IT'LL BE SOME SWEET SURPRISE!
GUESS YOU'RE THE FALL GUY THIS TIME, BARON!




A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I'VE A MAP INDICATING WHERE A YACHT, WITH A FORTUNE IN JEWELS ABOARD WAS SUNK BY THE JAPS. IT WAS DRAWN FOR ME BY THE OWNER - WHO DIED SHORTLY AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM A JAP PRISON CAMP!
HOW EXTRAORDINARY!


THE MAN ASKED ME, BEFORE HE DIED, TO CONTACT HIS FAMILY AND ARRANGE A SALVAGE EXPEDITION TO RECOVER THE JEWELS. THEN THESE RATS FOUND OUT ABOUT IT. THEY WANTED THE MAP—

WHERE IS THAT BLASTED MAP? WE SEARCHED YOU BEFORE—
INSIDE THE HEEL OF MY SHOE! AN OLD GAG BUT APPROPRATE IN THIS CASE. IT TOOK A HEEL TO TRICK A HEEL!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

MKTOAY, YGOJ ZNUSGY KJOYUT, OY ZKT VKXI-KTZ OTYVOXGZOUT GTJ TOTKZE VKXIKTZ VKX-YVOXGZOUT.

SUPERMAN, MAY
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

A Swell NEW Series of COMIC BUTTONS

ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES —RIGHT FROM THE FUNNIES—IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP

NEW METAL PIN-ON BUTTONS

Boy, oh boy! Kellogg's PEP has come out with *another* entirely new series of keen comic buttons! 18 famous characters, right out of the funny papers! And, man, are they on the beam for pinning on beanies, jackets and sweaters!

COLLECT 'EM *and* SWAP 'EM!

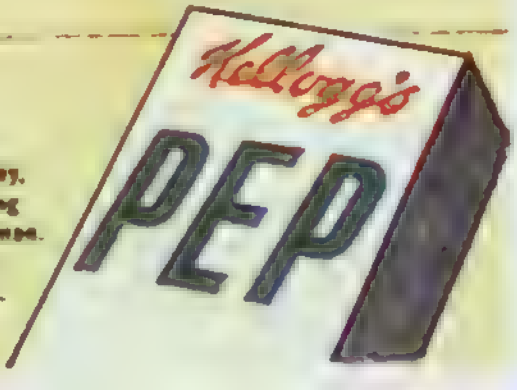
Start building this new collection *right away!* All you have to do is to ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP! Open the package—and there, attached to cardboard, is your prize pin-on button—printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What fun you'll have building your collection—trading with the other kids in your neighborhood! So get busy, and be the first to get all 18 of these new prizes!

18 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS

Dagwood	Pop Jenks
Blondie	Junior Tracy
Jiggs	Dan Winslow
Maggie	Uncle Willie
Mutt	Emmy
Fritz	Lord Plushbottom
Popeye	Tim Mason
Olive Oyl	Betty Cosmo
Little King	Superman

LISTEN TO SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.



VIGILANTE
FEW PEOPLE LIKE THE DUMMY... BUT FOR ONCE, THE MINIATURE MENACE FINDS A FRIEND. IT'S A MISTAKEN FRIEND, WHO HIDES HIM FROM THE POLICE, HELPS HIM ON HIS WAY... AND ONLY THEN LEARNS THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM. BUT THANKS TO THE VIGILANTE, THE DUMMY GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM, AND REGRETS THE DAY HE EVER TANGLED WITH...
"DANGER'S MIDGETS!"

POLICE WHISTLES SHRILL... AND A DESPERATE LITTLE FIGURE DASHES AROUND A CORNER.
I CAN'T RUN (PANT) ANY MORE... THEY'VE (PANT) GOT ME...
THAT DOOR... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
DON'T CLOSE IT... PLEASE! THEY'RE AFTER ME!
WHY, IT'S... IT'S THE DUMMY!
YES, BUT I'M NOT THE BAD CHARACTER YOU THINK I AM! HONEST, I NEVER HURT PEOPLE... AND I NEVER BREAK THE LAW.
THEN WHY ARE THE POLICE AFTER YOU?
THE POLICE JUST PICK ON ME BECAUSE I'M LITTLE— LIKE YOU! (A MIDGET OUGHT TO FALL FOR THAT.)
SHAME ON THEM! I GUESS WE MIDGETS SHOULD STICK TOGETHER! COME IN!
AND ONCE INSIDE...
WHY, EVERYBODY HERE'S A MIDGET.
MI-MI-MI-MI. MI-MI...
THIS IS BACKSTAGE OF A THEATER... AND WE'RE THE DANCER MIDGETS.
AS YOU SEE, WE'RE OF ALL NATIONALITIES... RACE AND COLOR MEAN NOTHING TO US. WE'RE ALL GOOD FRIENDS.
VERY INTERESTING... BUT I'D BETTER FIND A PLACE TO HIDE. THE POLICE WEREN'T FAR BEHIND ME.
2

HOW ABOUT THIS CELLO CASE?
PERFECT!
AND THUS, SOME SECONDS LATER...
THE DUMMY? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM.
BLIMEY. 'E'D BETTER NOT SHOW UP, EITHER! WE'RE ALL 'ONEST 'ERE.
SI, SI, SIGNORE!
WAIT! THERE HE IS!
QU'EST-CE-QUE C'EST, MONSIEUR?
THAT'S OUR FRENCH MIDGET.
NOTHING DOING HERE, CLANCY. BUT HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.
WE'LL GET THE LITTLE RASCAL YET!
3

PRESENTLY, AFTER THE POLICE DEPART...
BETTER NOT LEAVE YET. THEY MAY STILL BE AROUND.
THE BIG BULLIES! BUT THANKS TO YOU, I WAS SAVED!
WHY DON'T YOU WATCH OUR SHOW, DUMMY! THAT OUGHT TO BE SAFE ENOUGH.
YOU ARE A TRUE FRIEND, MY GOOD WOMAN.
BUT THE MANNIKIN OF MENACE IS NOT AS FAR REMOVED FROM DANGER AS HE THINKS...
I JUST FOUND OUT WHO THE COPS WERE AFTER, GREG.. THE DUMMY!
NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, STUFF... I'M LATE FOR MY ACT!
MINUTES LATER...
JUST IN TIME FOR MY ACT!
BAH! THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR... HOW DULL!
EVEN THE COMEDIAN FAILS TO AMUSE THE DUMMY...
A THOUSAND DOLLARS, A MILLION... TAKE IT ALL, FOLKS. I PRINT IT MYSELF.
HA. HA. VERY FUNNY, I DON'T THINK!
THESE HAMS ARE KILLING ME. I NEED A STRETCH.
GUESS WE'D BETTER KEEP THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS IN BACK, JED. THAT SAFE OUT N FRONT IS TOO EASY TO CRACK.
HUH..? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

MOMENTS LATER...
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL REAL ENTERTAINMENT!
OH, THERE YOU ARE, DUMMY. BE CAREFUL... THE POLICE ARE STILL OUTSIDE.
WHAT..?
OH, OH! ONCE THAT MONEY IS MISSED, THESE MIDGETS WILL BE ONTO ME LIKE A BUNCH OF FLEAS. AND UNLESS I CAN DISPOSE OF IT SAFELY, IT'LL JUST BE TOO BAD FOR ME.
THINGING FAST IS THE MINIATURE MENACE'S SPECIALTY. AND PRESENTLY...
THAT I SHOULD LIVE TO PUT MONEY INTO A MAN'S POCKET...
AND NOW, AS THE "RICH" COMEDIAN GOES OUT FOR THE NEXT INTERMISSION'S LAUGHS...
I WONDER HOW MUCH "MONEY" HE'S GIVEN AWAY IN HIS LIFETIME.
ABOUT A BILLION DOLLAR'S WORTH, I GUESS.
LAY OFF DAT, CHUM... HE TREW IT TO ME.
ALL TOGETHER. IT'S WORTH ABOUT A DIME... HUH.?
GOSH, P.T., SEE HOW ANXIOUS THAT GUY WAS TO LAY HIS HANDS ON IT?
YES, AND HIS FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR. COME ON, STUFF. I'M FINISHED HERE FOR THE DAY.. THINK I'LL CHANGE COSTUMES AGAIN

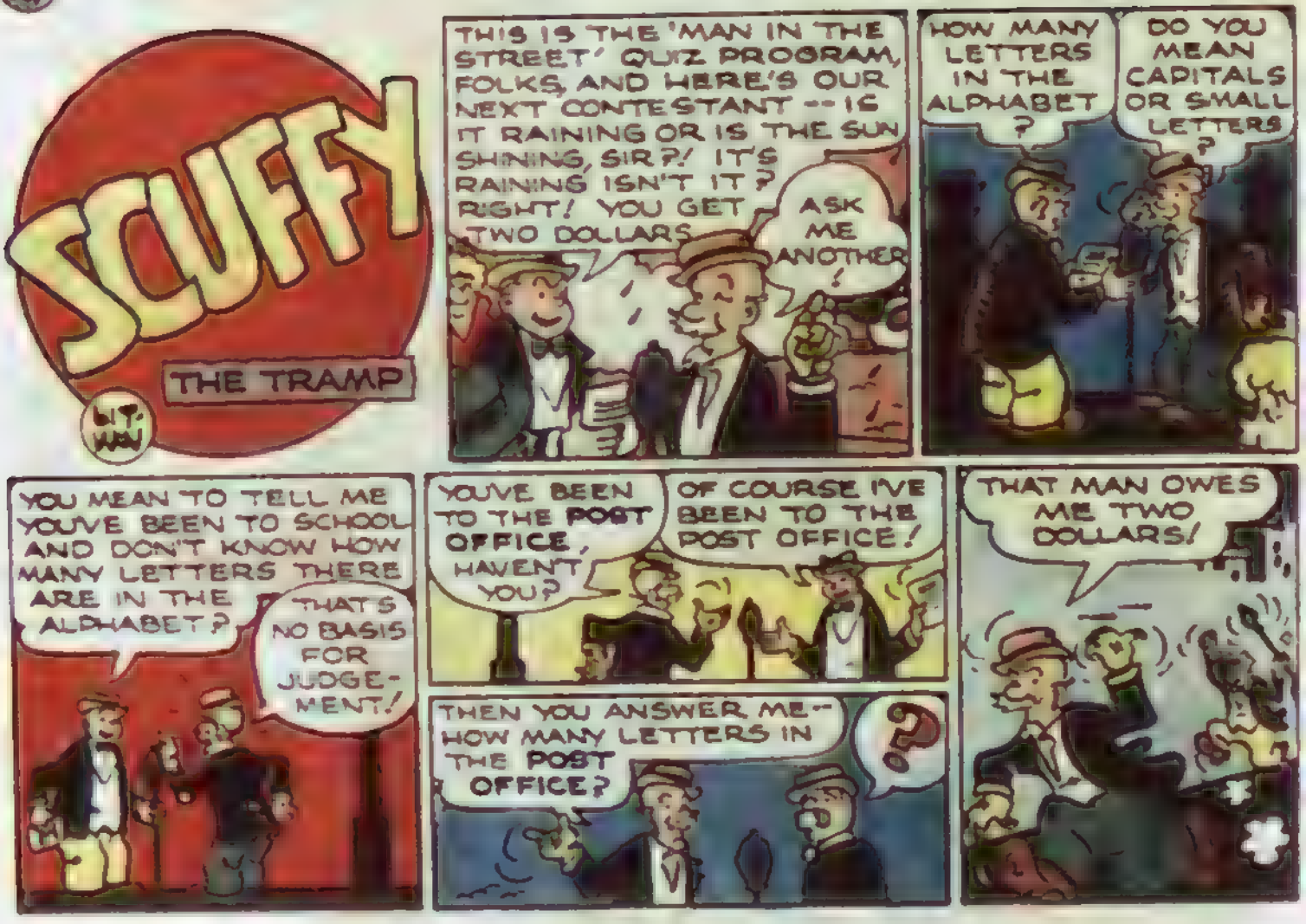
THE DUMMY'S HENCHMEN CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON THEIR GOOD FORTUNE...
WHAT A SLICK SCHEME! DA DUMMY PHONES US WHERE TA SIT IN DA AUDIENCE, SO WHEN DA GUY T'ROWS DA DOUGH AWAY, WE'LL BE ABLE TA GRAB IT..
YEAH, AN' HE TOSSES AWAY FIVE GRAND, FIGURIN' IT'S STAGE MONEY.
WHILE BEHIND THEM...
I REMEMBER NOW, STUPE.. THAT MUG I RECOGNIZED IS TIN-EAR TOMMY.
HELLO, PAL!
DA VIGILANTE!
DON'T TRY TO PULL A SIX-SHOOTER BEHIND MY BACK, RATTLER!
YIII... (COUGH.. CHOKE..)
YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID, COYOTE.
OWW, MY HAND!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE THAT ISN'T PAYING ATTENTION, VIG.
AGGENHH.. MY NEW BRIDGE-WORK.
6

MEANWHILE, AT THE THEATRE...
THE POLICE ARE GONE NOW, DUMMY.
THEN I'D BETTER GO, TOO.
WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT A CAR. THERE'LL BE LESS CHANCE OF THE POLICE SEEING YOU IF YOU GO WITH ME.
THIS IS WHAT I CALL SERVICE!
JUST A COUPLE MORE BLOCKS. AND YOU CAN LET ME OUT ON THE CORNER.
THE VIGILANTE! HE'S LEARNED OF OUR MEETING PLACE!
EXCUSE ME... I DON'T LIKE WOMEN DRIVERS!
PRETTY NEAT, I'D SAY!
AAAA...

BOSS! GEE, DAT WAS A BREAK.!
DIS SMALL FRY IS EASY.
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH. SHUT HER UP.
SO YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T A CROOK— GLUB.
PRESENTLY...
WE'LL PUT THEM IN COLD STORAGE UNTIL WE DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF THE BODIES...
HA, HA! BET DEY'LL BE TICKLED... I MEAN, FROZEN... STIFF, BOSS!
BRRR..! THIS IS SOME FIX, VIG.
AND TO THINK I BELIEVED THE DUMMY! BUT IF I EVER LAY MY HANDS ON HIM AGAIN...
YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH, MA'AM...
BUT FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE... MY SPURS OUGHT TO LOOSEN UP THESE ICICLES!
LUCKY THEY'RE SHARP... MY HANDS ARE TOO NUMB TO PRESS HARD.
NOW TO SHOOT OUT THE LOCK—
BANG

-AND FIND THOSE CROOKS AGAIN.
THEIR HIDEOUT'S AROUND HERE... RECKON WE'LL FIND THE RATTLERS IF WE SEARCH LONG ENOUGH.
LET MY FRIENDS HELP YOU.. THEY DON'T LIKE CROOKS EITHER
THE MIDGETS ARE MOBILIZED.
SO YOU SEE, PARDNERS... THE QUICKER WE LOCATE THE LITTLE CROOK, THE SAFER EVERYBODY'LL BE.'
YOU CAN COUNT ON US, VIGILANTE ...HE'S A DISGRACE TO SMALL PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.
AND THAT EVENING ...
YEAH, DA DUMMY'S LAYIN' LOW. DA VIGILANTE WON'T NEVER FIND HIM.
KEEP EARS OPEN, MOUTH CLOSED, LEARN MUCH. VIGILANTE MUST BE TOLD.
WHILE NEARBY...
I'LL BRING ONE TO DA DUMMY... IT MUST BE MONOTONOUS STAYIN' HOME LIKE HE DOES.
HERE YA ARE, GENTS. GET A PERFECT SCORE, AND TAKE HOME A BABY DOLL.
HIT THE BULLSEYE AND WIN A DOLL
HUH..?
IF I'DA SHOT STRAIGHTER, I'DA HAD DAT TOYISH DOLL.
I SEE WHAT DIRECTION THEY GO, THEN REPORT TO VIGILANTE.

SHORTLY...
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, BOYS.. THANKS FOR HELPING ME FIND IT.
BUT, BETTER STAY BACK NOW... THERE'S GONNA BE SOME FAST ACTION.
YOU SAID IT, STUFF. ALL SET?
SET!
THE VIGILANTE!
YIII..!
YOUR TURN TO BE KNOCKED COLD, RATTLERS.
OWWW!
HELP! PUT ME DOWN!
ALL RIGHT, SIDEWINDER— I'LL PUT YOU DOWN!
THAT'S RIGHT, VIGILANTE. GIVE ME A CHANCE!
WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
OWW!
THE END


SCUFFY
THE TRAMP
THIS IS THE 'MAN IN THE STREET' QUIZ PROGRAM, FOLKS, AND HERE'S OUR NEXT CONTESTANT -- IS IT RAINING OR IS THE SUN SHINING, SIR?! IT'S RAINING ISN'T IT? RIGHT! YOU GET TWO DOLLARS
ASK ME ANOTHER!
HOW MANY LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET?
DO YOU MEAN CAPITALS OR SMALL LETTERS?
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN TO SCHOOL AND DON'T KNOW HOW MANY LETTERS THERE ARE IN THE ALPHABET?
THAT'S NO BASIS FOR JUDGEMENT!
YOU'VE BEEN TO THE POST OFFICE, HAVEN'T YOU?
OF COURSE I'VE BEEN TO THE POST OFFICE!
THEN YOU ANSWER ME -- HOW MANY LETTERS IN THE POST OFFICE?
?
THAT MAN OWES ME TWO DOLLARS!

Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

I'M BATTY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE ...IT'S THE BEST TASTING, CHEWIEST GUM!
C'MON SKINNY, RAP OUT A HOME RUN!
RAP? THAT REMINDS ME... EVERY PIECE OF DUBBLE BUBBLE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES
A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME - FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS GOOD, TOO.
I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES
THAT'S 'CAUSE BUBBLES ARE SO EASY TO MAKE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE
AW, HE COULDN'T CATCH A COLD!
CATCH IT!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

KILLER'S REFUGE

by Stan Carter

THE murderous eyes of Ovid Lebrie looked out from the heavily-bearded face. They were red-rimmed from the cold and glare of snow, and they were killer's eyes. It wasn't too warm in the Royale Chance, but the chill any of the customers had felt was forgotten when they saw the gun in Lebrie's hand.

Lebrie stood a little away from the door marking the entrance. His pin-pointed eyes took in every movement, and his gun seemed to cover all. Actually, it was pointed at the heart of Mike Bartosque, the proprietor. Lebrie said: "Open the safe behind the bar, and bring out the gold. I do not waste any time." His speech was a blend of French Canuck and the curious patois of the Indian tribe of which he was part.

No one said a word. No one made a move toward a gun as Mike Bartosque moved to do Lebrie's bidding. For all knew the reputation of this killer, whose picture adorned the walls of post offices and Mounties headquarters throughout the Northwest. Some called him "Son of the Wolf", for he seemed without fear. Certainly, he was like a wolf, stalking, hiding, and striking.

"Lay it at my feet," Lebrie said, as Bartosque carried over the two sacks of gold dust. Lebrie grinned evilly. "You think I did not know, Bartosque, that most of your gold you keep in the bar, and not in your private safe in the back." He spat. "Lebrie, he know everything."

He bent down to pick up the gold. Now, maybe Mike Bartosque, as some ever, was really reaching only for his handkerchief. Or maybe he was actually trying to slide into his palm the tiny Derringer which had made his word law in the Royale Chance. At any rate, it was a mistake. Ovid Lebrie's gun flamed.

Mike Bartosque plunged forward. There was a second shot from Lebrie's gun. The big, ornate overhead lamp went out, sending the place into darkness. Men yelled and the women entertainers screamed.

"Lights! Put on the lights! Get a lamp! Shoot the murderous dog!" These and similar cries of the panic-stricken echoed throughout the cabaret, uttered by all except one man, Mike Bartosque.

Mike was dead, drilled neatly through the heart by the unerring aim of the outlaw, Ovid Lebrie.

And what of Lebrie? Naturally, no one had seen him go, so great had been the confusion. Had he come by horse or snowshoe? None knew that, either, including Sergeant Denis Macklin of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Macklin was assigned to the case the following day. By then, as he patiently explained to his chief, the trail was colder than the weather, which was almost inhumanly cold.

"I don't want any alibis, Macklin," his superior said. "This Ovid Lebrie has been eluding us too long. We've got hundreds of witnesses who saw him kill Bartosque. I want him brought in. Or else—" The chief paused, looked significantly at the inverted stripes on Macklin's arms.

Macklin flushed. "Right, sir," he said. "I'll pack."

There is a glorious tradition behind the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, a legend that says the force always gets its man. Macklin wanted to prove this true; indeed, he had done it in many ways. But this Ovid Lebrie, ah, there was a wraith, a creature of the snows. "It's just as though he's one with the evil forces, Padre," Macklin said to the good priest, Brother Dominique, when he stopped to say goodbye. "When he gets out into the snow country, the earth seems to open up and swallow him." The memory of an unsuccessful hunt two years ago after Lebrie still rankled in Macklin's honest heart.

Brother Dominique smiled patiently. "Your task, Sergeant Macklin," he said softly, "is to bring him back." He spread the palms of his hands expressively. "Perhaps this time you will succeed. Be of good faith, my son."

Macklin grinned. "Okay, Padre. And maybe I won't come back until I do." He hustled into his parka, and hurried out to where his dog sled stood waiting. His brawny arms bent to the bars on the sled, his voice rang out, "Mush!" And he headed north, not knowing that a day earlier Ovid Lebrie had gone that way too.

But Ovid Lebrie knew the ways of the cold north country like no other man. He knew its hiding places, and the refuges it offered from storms. There was little he did not know about it, except, perhaps, one thing. He could not know the violent intensity of the storm which was gathering.

As for knowing the Mountie was following him, Lebrie did not care. Often he had boasted

there wasn't a Mountie who could follow his trail. He was not afraid of Mounties. He was afraid of nothing, for wasn't he the great Ovid Lebrie, murderer and robber extraordinary?

For two days he pushed through the storm of blinding snow, fought off the desperate cold. The third day was blacker than night, and, for once in his life Ovid Lebrie felt fear. It was heightened that night when, somehow, his dogs managed to break away from their stakes and go howling off into the storm—wolves returning to their natural fold, the wilderness.

But at least Ovid Lebrie's food and water were safe. He clawed through the ice-encrusted pack and got them. With fingers almost as cold as the ice itself he forced the rations into his haversack. He'd have to continue on snowshoes.

How? He didn't know. But he'd keep heading north, then to the east. He'd find something there, a tribe of outcast Indians. With almost superhuman strength, he forged ahead slowly, the snow and cold leaden weights on his feet. Night was just falling again (although you couldn't tell it from the blackness of day), when he saw the pinpoint of light.

A cabin! Perhaps built the year before. It had been a long time since he had come this way. But who would be occupying it? Ovid Lebrie gripped his rifle.

Inch by inch he fought the storm, and when his spirits flagged, the sight of the cabin light, growing stronger, caused him to push on. At last, with a great effort, he reached it. He was outside, peering through a window, into the one room. A great fire roared in the fireplace, and from what he saw, Ovid Lebrie knew he was safe.

There was no one inside but an old prospector.

Lebrie banged on the door. The wind screamed its fury, the storm howled with impotence as its quarry slipped into the welcome, searing heat of the room, looking like a creature from another world. Ice matted his black beard and his hair. His eyes burned with a red intensity awesome to behold.

"Food! Warmth!" he croaked. He flung himself down in a chair by the table, leaving the old man to struggle with the door. The knapsack, heavily weighted with gold dust, made a clatter that rose above the roar of the crackling flames as Lebrie dropped it at his feet.

He turned, to see the old man looking curiously at the sack. The old man averted his eyes hastily, but not before Lebrie saw the look in his eyes. No body would touch his gold! He placed his rifle over his legs, drew out his revolver and placed it beside him on the table.

The old man seemed mildly surprised. "You don't need firearms here, friend," he said. "You're welcome to what I have."

Lebrie's eyes narrowed. "Food," he croaked. "And be quick about it!" His frozen lips twisted into an evil grin. Better frighten this old fellow out of his wits now, and he'd be no trouble. "I am Ovid Lebrie," he said. "You understand?"

The old man, busy at the fireplace, said, "No. I know no one in this country. I am a trapper, newly arrived last Spring."

Lebrie gunned again. "If you wish to live until Spring, bring me some food." His hand rested on the gun. "Unless I am to get it myself."

The old man stiffened. "I have some meat," he said. "I will prepare it." He took a long knife from a rack alongside the fireplace. "But you must give me those guns. I live here in peace."

Lebrie stared at him. This old fool was *loco*, crazy! "Get the food!" he roared, "and be quick about it!" The revolver was in his hand. He was feeling good now, the heat coursing through his body. Intense heat, almost unbearable. "Get the food, or I'll kill you this minute and throw your carcass to the wolves!"

"No," said the old man. "I shall not feed you until you have given me the guns." He held the long knife lightly in his gnarled, blue-veined hands.

Lebrie snarled, and it was the cry of a murderous wolf, not a human being. He pressed the trigger.

There was a click. Lebrie stared in surprise at the gleaming shaft of steel which protruded from his chest. It was the long knife, deftly thrown by the old man. And its blade lodged in Lebrie's heart. With a scream, Lebrie plunged forward. For the first time his gun had failed him!

It was two days later when Sergeant Macklin found his way to the cabin. The old trapper gave him Lebrie's knapsack, and related what had happened. Macklin nodded, went outside to look at the spot where the old man had buried Lebrie beneath the snow. "But what I don't understand," Macklin muttered, "is by what miracle you managed to live? Lebrie never missed before."

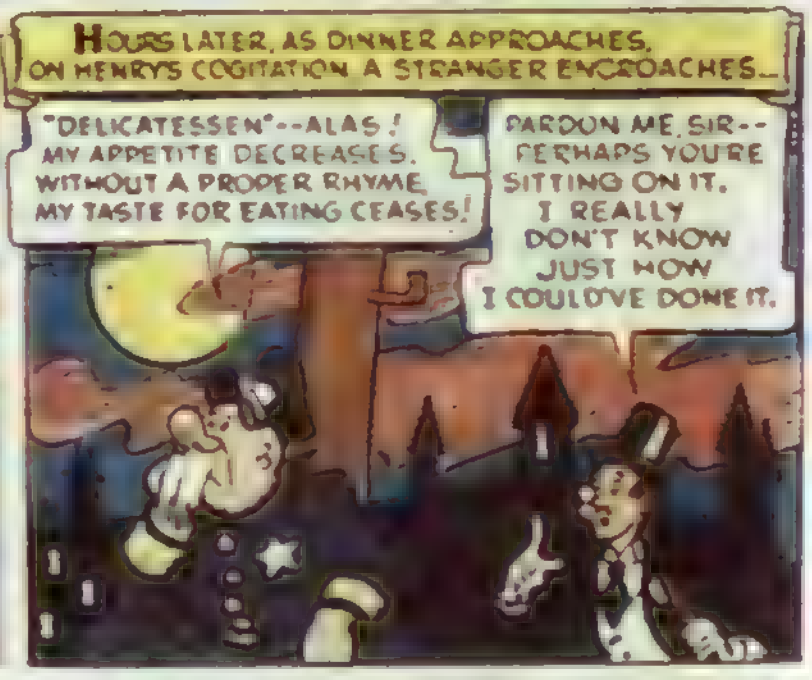
The old man shrugged, smiled. "Some it is given to have miracles, Sergeant," he said softly, "but to me, I knew only that after the intense cold of outside, the barrel of Lebrie's guns would expand with the heat of my fireplace. It was impossible for the pistol to fire then. That is how I knew he could not kill me before my knife had found its mark!"

HAYFOOT HENRY
BECAUSE A RHYME'S MISSING HENRY CAN'T EAT. HIS APPETITE'S LOST HIS TEMPER'S NOT SWEET. SO WHEN AN ODD CRIME DEMANDS HIS ATTENTION, HE ACTS IN A MANNER WE'D BETTER NOT MENTION UNTIL HIS FAREWD BRAIN OBTAINS A GLIMMER OF THE PURPOSE BEHIND "THE SABOTAGED DINNER!"
OSCAR CHURL BOOR HABITAT NORTH AMERICA
SLURP
CHOMP
GULP
CRUNCH
MEET OSCAR CHURL, THE SLEEPYSIDE BOOR. EQUALLY SHUNNED BY RICH AND BY POOR. OF HIS AWFUL MANNERS, STORIES ARE RIFE; HE LICKS HIS PLATE AND EATS PEAS WITH HIS KNIFE!
THIS TOWN IS SO STUCK-UP IT GETS IN MY HAIR. I'M TIRED OF NOSES LIFTED IN AIR!
I SAY THERE OSCAR, I NEED SOME ADVICE. A RHYME FOR "DELICATESSEN" WOULD MAKE ME FEEL NICE.
YOU CAN FEEL ROTTEN FOR ALL I CARE. I'VE FEELINGS TOO, BUT I'M NOT TREATED FAIR!

I NEVER GET INVITED TO A DINNER OR A PARTY. FOLKS SNEER AT MY MANNERS JUST BECAUSE I EAT HEARTY. THE VAN GLUPPS ARE GIVING A DINNER TONIGHT, THEY'VE INVITED THE TOWN, EXCEPT ME, IS THAT RIGHT?
GOOMP
SLURP

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED, BECAUSE YOU'D LOWER THE TONE. A MAN WHO GARGLES HIS SOUP DESERVES TO EAT ALONE.

HM--I'VE ALSO BEEN ASKED TO THAT DINNER TONIGHT, BUT WITHOUT MY RHYME, I'LL LACK APPETITE.


HOURS LATER, AS DINNER APPROACHES, ON HENRY'S COGITATION A STRANGER ENCROACHES...
"DELICATESSEN"--ALAS! MY APPETITE DECREASES. WITHOUT A PROPER RHYME, MY TASTE FOR EATING CEASES!
PARDON ME, SIR-- PERHAPS YOU'RE SITTING ON IT. I REALLY DON'T KNOW JUST HOW I COULD'VE DONE IT.

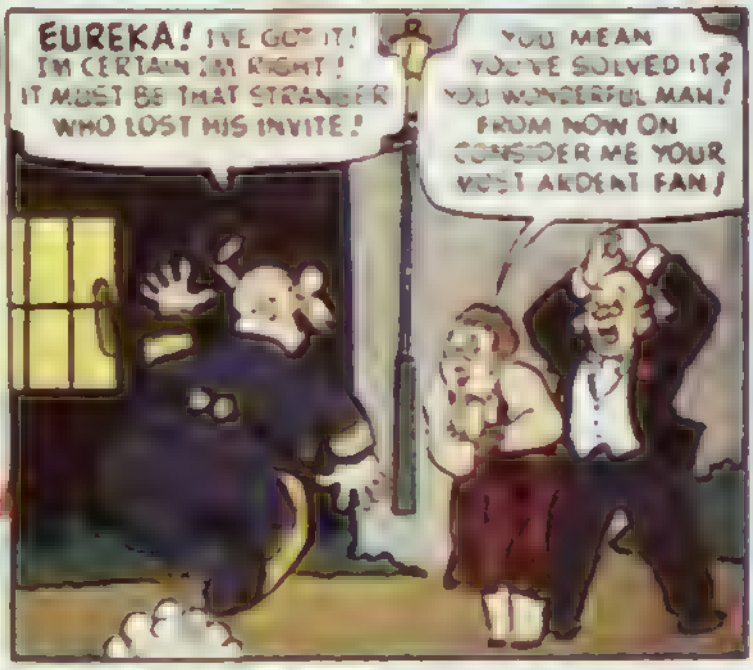
WELL--I GUESS I LOST IT THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHERE I DID IT, AND WITHOUT MY INVITATION I MAY NOT BE ADMITTED!
IF YOU MEAN THE VAN GLUPP DINNER, YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE MINE, I'VE LITTLE WISH TO BE THERE, UNLESS I FIND A RHYME.
2.

IF A RHYME FOR "DELICATESSEN" IS INSPIRED BY WHAT YOU EAT, TELEGRAPH ME PROMPTLY. I'LL BE RIGHT HERE ON MY BEAT.

THE HOURS PASS NO RHYME ALAS .
THERES HENRY NOW WASTING HIS TIME WHILE THE TOWN RUNS WILD WITH UNCHECKED CRIME!
HED BETTER ACT QUICK. ITS DINNER TIME NOW. OUR GUESTS WILL EAT BUT ID HATE TO SAY HOW.

OUR GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED FROM ALL OVER TOWN DINNER IS READY BUT SOME CROOKED CLOWN HAS STOLEN OUR SILVER AN ACT WHICH DEMANDS THAT EVERYONE PRESENT MUST EAT WITH HIS HANDS!

PERHAPS ITS THE GROCER--A PLOT TO SELL SOAP! BUT IT WOULDNT BE WORTH IT. NOPE--A FALSE HOPE! OR MAYBE THE MAID--TO SAVE WASHING DISHES. BUT THE PLATES ARE STILL THERE. NOPE THE MOTIVES MORE VICIOUS!


EUREKA! IVE GOT IT! IM CERTAIN IM RIGHT! IT MUST BE THAT STRANGER WHO LOST HIS INVITE!
YOU MEAN YOU'VE SOLVED IT? YOU WONDERFUL MAN! FROM NOW ON CONSIDER ME YOUR MOST ARDENT FAN!

HES PROBABLY MINGLING AMONG YOUR GUESTS AFTER USING MY INVITE TO PILFER YOUR CHESTS.
BUT NO STRANGERS ARE THERE, I MUST INSIST.
AMONG ALL OUR GUESTS ONE MIGHT'VE BEEN MISSED!

THE THIEF! THERE HE IS! HE EVEN LOOKS CROOKED!
DON'T KILL ME SIR. I SWEAR I WONT BROOK IT!

NOTE HIS CRIMINAL FACE! THERE'S NO MISTAKE!
HENRY--HOW DARE YOU! YOU BRASS-BUTTONED FAKE! THAT MAN IS MY COUSIN-- AND AS FOR HIS FACE ... IT'S RATHER LIKE MINE, AND MINE'S NO DISGRACE!

PARDON--MY ERROR. MY BRAIN HAS GONE SLUMMING ON SECOND GLANCE, HIS FACE IS BECOMING.
AND THE REASON I NEEDED YOUR INVITE, YOU SEE-- WAS TO GET BY THE BUTLER WHO DOESN'T KNOW ME.

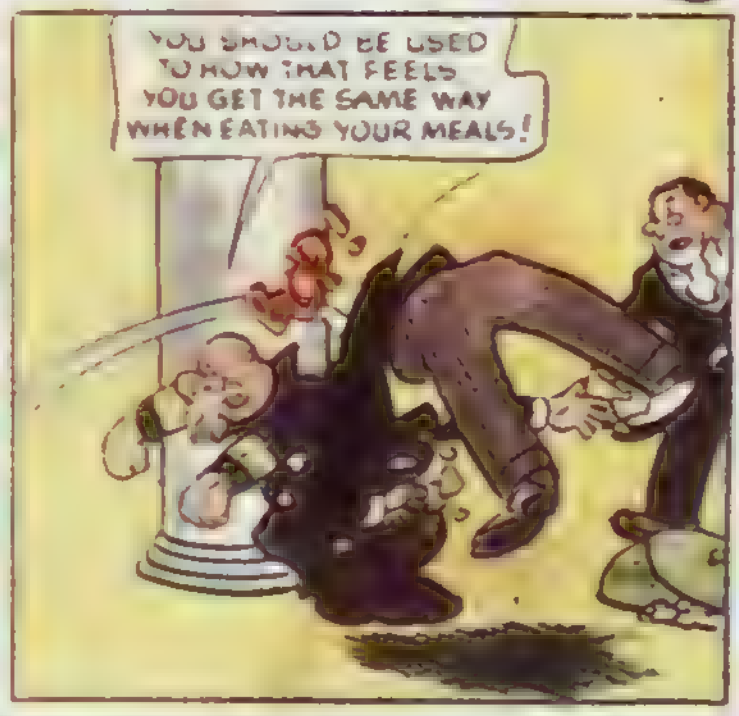
PARDON MADAME. BUT OSCAR CHURL IS HERE. HIS INVITE'S IN ORDER. SO YOU ASKED HIM, I FEAR.
IT'S SURELY AN ERROR, BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW. WE CAN'T TURN HIM OUT, THOUGH HE EATS LIKE A SOW!

WAIT! I HAVE IT! OSCAR'S THE THIEF! HIS MOTIVE IS REALLY BEYOND ALL BELIEF!
OH DEAR I FEAR I'M FOUND OUT. IT'S TIME I DID A TURN ABOUT!
OOOF!
HOOF!

SMALL THOUGH HE IS, HENRY'S TOUGH IN A FRAY, BUT BY TOPPLING THE TABLE I MIGHT GET AWAY!
STOP, RAT! OOCH! DRAT!

CRIME IS HALTED AS MAY BE OBSERVED WHEN JUSTICE BY MASHED POTATOES IS SERVED!

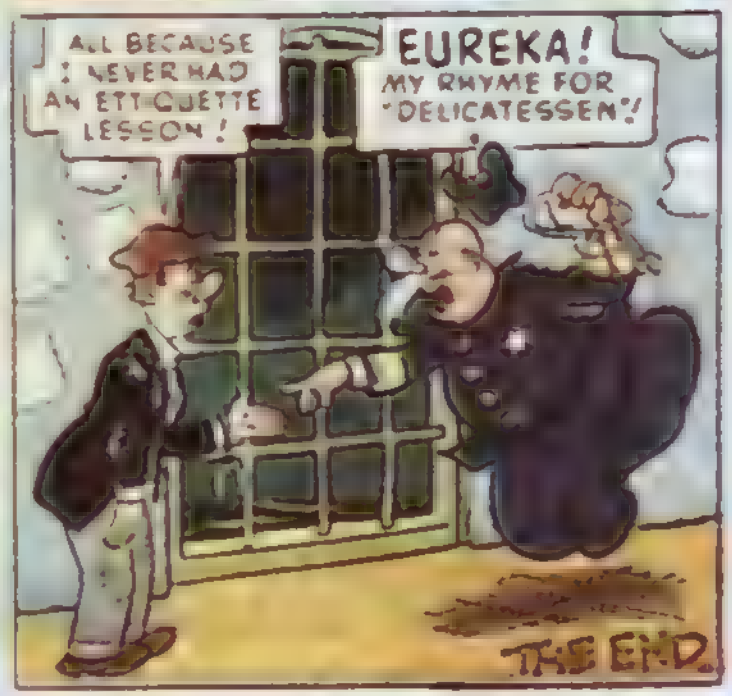
HOW CRUEL OF YOU TO THROW FOOD IN MY FACE! I JUST CANNOT SEE TO GET OUT OF THE PLACE!


YOU SHOULD BE USED TO HOW THAT FEELS YOU GET THE SAME WAY WHEN EATING YOUR MEALS!

NEVER ASKED OUT BECAUSE OF HIS MANNERS CHURL SLIPPED IN HERE UNDER FALSE BANNERS AFTER FINDING THE INVITE TO YOUR COUSIN ADDRESSED HE STOLE YOUR SILVER THEN CAME AS A GUEST.

HE KNEW ALL THE GUESTS MUST EAT WITH THEIR HANDS IF THEY COULDN'T GET SILVER. SUCH WERE HIS PLANS! HIS PIGGISHNESS WOULDN'T DRAW NOTICE THEN SO THE CHANCES WERE YOU'D ASK HIM AGAIN!

HENRY-- YOU'RE DAZZLING! SUCH A GREAT BRAIN!
FOR A MOMENT THOUGH, I THOUGHT HE WAS INSANE!


ALL BECAUSE I NEVER HAD AN ETTIQUETTE LESSON!
EUREKA! MY RHYME FOR "DELICATESSEN"!
THE END

YOU HERE AGAIN?
CAVARRETTA HIKED HIS CHAMPIONSHIP HITTING PACE FOR THE 1945 WORLD'S SERIES --LED BOTH CUBS AND TIGERS WITH A BOOMING .423
Phil CAVARRETTA
BATTING CHAMPION OF 1945, HE HIT .355 FOR THE CHICAGO CUBS
I EAT MY WHEATIES
PHIL WAS A CUB REGULAR AT 17. PLAYED IN THE WORLD'S SERIES HIS FIRST YEAR UP
"I LEAD OFF WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' EVERY MORNING," SAYS CHAMPION PHIL CAVARRETTA. "I LIKE WHEATIES SO MUCH IF THEY'RE NOT AT THE TABLE EVERY DAY, I RAISE A RUCKUS AT MY HOUSE."
I WANT MY WHEATIES
WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?
EXPERT COACHING HELPED PERFECT PHIL'S BATTING PUNCH. BIG LEAGUE BATTING CHAMPIONS TELL YOU HOW TO DEVELOP CHAMPION HITTING FORM IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--NEW 32-PAGE BASEBALL MANUAL. USE COUPON ON WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
SEE YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

MANY OF THE WORDS YOU KNOW AND SAY ARE REALLY MAGIC. AND THERE'S A BIG BOOK FULL OF MYSTIC SCENES WAITING FOR YOU IN ANY LIBRARY. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT? THEN COME ALONG AS ZATARA, THAT FAMOUS MANIPULATOR OF MARVELS, EXPLORES AMAZING ADVENTURES AS HE SEEKS THE... "WONDERS OF WORDS!"

ONE DAY AS ZATARA STROLLS PAST A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE, A PUPIL LEAVES—BUT NOT BY THE DOOR!

TEACHER DIDN'T SEE ME. NOW IF I CAN GET AWAY...

WHY IS THAT YOUNGSTER LEAVING BY THE WINDOW?

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!

WAIT! WHAT'S THE TERRIBLE THING YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM, YOUNG FELLOW?

THEN ZATARA HEARS AN OLD COMPLAINT THAT IS ALWAYS NEW... (OH, READER! YOU, TOO?)
WELL, I'M... I'M PLAYING HOOKEY, ZATARA. BECAUSE MY TEACHER GAVE ME THESE WORDS TO STUDY AND LOOK UP AND... AND I'D RATHER FISH AND SWIM TODAY.
HMM... I WAS ONCE A BOY MYSELF, AND YET I DON'T APPROVE.
HURRY, OR I'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
DAN TOWNE. AND HIS WORD LESSON IS THREE WORDS— PTERODACTYL— JINN — CORSAIR. HMM... MAYBE I CAN SHOW HIM HOW INTERESTING SUCH WORDS ARE.
I'LL COME ALONG, DANNY. I NEED A VACATION MYSELF.
REALLY, ZATARA? I THOUGHT YOU'D SCOLD ME.
THIS IS MY HIDEOUT. AND ISN'T IT MORE FUN THAN THOSE SILLY WORDS?
I'LL TRY TO MAKE THESE THREE WORDS COME ALIVE. AS SOON AS HE DOZES OFF.
OH BOY! THIS IS THE LAZY LIFE. HO-HUM... I'M SLEEPY. PTERODACTYL... WHO CARES ANYWAY?
YOU'LL BE INTERESTED SOON ENOUGH. EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ASLEEP.
TSAP SEGA DNA GMINAEM FO DROW RAEPPA! BLYTCADORETP POOWS!*
* READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

WOWW! I'VE GOT A BITE!
IS THAT ALL? I THINK YOU'VE HOOKED A PTERODACTYL'S FRIEND.
THAT'S A DINOSAUR, AND THOSE FLYING REPTILES ARE PTERODACTYLS. THEY LIVED TOGETHER MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.
HOW CAN WE STOP THEM?
MAYBE YOUR SCHOOL LESSON WOULD HELP, DAN. WHAT'S THE NEXT WORD?
IT'S..IT'S "JINN." BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT IS.
MAYBE I CAN SHOW YOU A SAMPLE. AND A JINN MIGHT BE USEFUL.
THEN GET ONE QUICKLY! WE NEED SOMETHING!
EROM CIGAM SENECS MEBS LAER! NNIJ RAEPPA!
YOU CALL, MASTER? I, A JINN, ANSWER!
AN EASTERN MAGIC SPIRIT! CAN YOU COMMAND HIM, ZATARA?
THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT PEOPLE COULD. SO SUPPOSE YOU TRY.
LITTLE ME? TRY TO ORDER HIM AROUND?
3

YOU MUST IF YOU'RE TO SAVE OUR LIVES. SPEAK TO HIM.
J-J-JINN, FIGHT THOSE REPTILES! HELP US!
YES, MASTER. THUS DOES A JINN DESTROY PTERODACTYLS.
THIS JINN JUST MAKES THEM VANISH!
WHY NOT?
LOOK OUT, ZATARA! THAT HUGE KILLER!
MAKE YOUR GIANT MAGICIAN ATTACK HIM, DAN!
GREAT WIZARD JINN, GUARD US!
PERHAPS, MASTER. BUT ONLY IF YOU CAN SPELL MY NAME.
IT'S J-I-N-N. RIGHT? BUT ACT FAST!
DAN CAN SPELL HIS LESSON ALL RIGHT. HE'LL NEVER FORGET THAT WORD.

BOW TO THE ONE WHO SPELLED MY NAME!
HE'S CAPTURING IT FOR ME! BUT I DON'T WANT HIM!
THEN MAKE THEM BOTH VANISH, DAN. COMMAND!
D-DIS-DISAPPEAR! BOTH OF YOU!
AND I'LL MAKE HIS ORDER COME TRUE.
WE GO, MASTER! BACK TO THE LAND OF WORDS AND MYTHS!
THEY'RE REALLY FADING AWAY! BUT HOW?
PERHAPS BECAUSE YOU SPELLED JINN CORRECTLY.
I'M GLAD I DID! BUT HERE'S ANOTHER WORD WE DIDN'T USE.
WHAT IS IT, DAN?
IT'S C-O-R-S-A-I-R. CORSAIR. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
RIASROC DNA EROM CIGAM RAEPPA!
ZATARA! DO YOU SEE THAT STRANGE FUZZY CLOUD?
5

YOUR SPELLING SUMMONED A REAL CORSAIR!
WHO DARES TO CALL MY NAME?
I-I DID. BUT...BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A DEAD WORD.
WHAT? O IGNORANT ONE!
KNOW THAT BEFORE COLUMBUS CAME TO THESE SHORES, MY WARRIORS AND I WERE HERE!
SROIRRAW DNA TRARC EB NEES!
THERE IS MY GALLANT BAND OF EXPLORERS!
WHERE HAVE I SEEN THEM BEFORE?
I REMEMBER NOW. YOU'RE VIKINGS! I LEARNED OF YOU IN A HISTORY LESSON.
AND YOU DARED TO THINK OF US AS JUST MEANINGLESS WORDS.
MY SPEAR AND TARGET WERE REAL! AND MIGHTY!
6

YOUR LIFE IS FORFEIT TO ME, BOY!
ZATARA, HOW CAN I STOP HIM!
PERHAPS BY RE-SPELLING CORSAIR. TRY IT!
I'LL DO ANYTHING! C-O-R-S-
IT WORKS! THEY'RE VANISHING!
LLA CIGAM EDAF! KCAB OT TNESERP!
HELP, ZATARA! JINN, CORSAIR, PTERODACTYL!
DAN'S REALLY WAKING UP NOW.
BOY, DID I HAVE A DREAM! ALL ABOUT THIS SCHOOL LESSON!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY DULL, EH?
NO SIR! IT TAUGHT ME THE MEANING AND POWER OF WORDS.
BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO PLAY HOOKEY.
NOT ME. I'M HEADED BACK TO SCHOOL FOR AN ENCYCLOPEDIA AND A DICTIONARY!
THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN READING! LEARN FOR YOURSELF THE WONDERS OF WORDS!
THE END

HOW THOM McAN WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA—SHOES" Tamed a Tornado

THOUSANDS MAY DIE! THOM McAN, HIS LITTLE PAL "H," AND FRIENDS ARE "TAKING IN" A CARNIVAL. SUDDENLY THEY HEAR SCREAMS COMING FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL!

LOOK! A GIANT TORNADO...HEADED THIS WAY!

HELP! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

QUICK, "H"! MY "BAZOOKA SHOES"! I'VE GOT TO TAME THAT TWISTER! AND HERE—SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY EVERYDAY THOM McANS!

DON'T, THOM—COME BACK! YOU'LL BE TORN TO BITS BY THAT TWISTER!

OH, YEAH? YOU DON'T KNOW MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! WATCH THIS!

WHOOSH

BA-ZOO-OOKA

THOM CIRCLES AGAINST THE WHIRLING WIND—AT SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED THAT HE SETS UP A "TORNADO-IN-REVERSE," WHICH "UNTWISTS" THE TWISTER!

THOM, YOU SAVED MY CARNIVAL! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE MY GUESTS FOR THE DAY!

OH, BOY! JUST WAIT TILL I CHANGE TO MY EASY-WALKING THOM McANS, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!

LATER..

WHEE! LIKE FLOATING ON A CLOUD!

YEP! THE WAY YOUR FEET FEEL IN THOM McAN SHOES!

GEE, THOM, CARNIVALS ARE FUN, BUT THEY'RE SURE HARD ON SHOES. MINE ARE COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!

THAT NEVER HAPPENS WHEN YOU WEAR STURDY THOM McANS.

NOW LET'S GO THROUGH THE "FUN HOUSE"!

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT TO GO HOME—MY FEET HURT!

TOO BAD, JIMMY. NEXT TIME WEAR SHOES THAT NEVER "LET YOU DOWN"—THOM McANS!

A WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"—(THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

INSIDE THE FUN HOUSE THE OTHER BOYS FIND THRILLS GALORE—BUT JIMMY IS HOME RESTING HIS FEET. NEVER LET THE WRONG KIND OF SHOES SPOIL YOUR FUN! TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU ALWAYS WANT DEPENDABLE THOM McANS!

Thom McAn

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Here, without a doubt, is the last word in a real man's billfold — it has a place for everything. It "zips open all the way" so that currency, change, passes and membership cards can be reached easy and fast. Yet when closed you can shake the billfold all you want and nothing can fall out. So handy! So safe! Remember as an extra special feature we also include America's most popular genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-Holder, complete with gilt Chain as shown. But hurry while there's still time. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today on our 10 Day Examination Offer.

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Some people put a great deal of faith in the symbolic magic of a rabbit's foot. They feel that it acts as a good omen. Even if you aren't superstitious, you'll find that this rabbit's foot makes a mighty good key holder. It's smart. It's handy. It's a genuine rabbit's foot with nail fur and everything. The picture shows the rabbit's foot about actual size. Comes complete with a gold-tone gilt chain, flexible and large enough to accommodate all your keys.

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